

The history

He stand to day for thee and me and Troy.

Troyl. Brother, you haue a vice of mercy in you,
Which better fits a Lion then a man.

Hector. What vice is that? good *Troilus* chide mee
for it.

Troyl. When many times the captiue Grecian falls,
Euen in the fanne and winde of your faire sword.
You bid them rise and liue.

Hect. O tis faire play.

Troyl. Fooles play by heauen *Hector.*

Hect. How now? how now?

Troyl. For th'loue of all the gods
Lets leaue the Hermit Pitty with our Mother,
And when we haue our armors buckled on,
The venomd vengeance ride vpon our swords,
Spur them to ruthfull worke, raine them from ruth.

Hect. Fie sauage, fie.

Troyl. *Hector* then 'tis warres.

Hect. *Troilus* I would not haue you fight to day.

Troyl. Who should with-hold me?
Not fate, obedience, nor the hand of *Mars*,
Beckning with fierie trunchion my retire,
Not *Priamus* and *Hecuba* on knees,
Their eyes ore-galled with recourse of teares,
Nor you my brother, with your true sword drawne,
Opposd to hinder me, should stop my way.

Enter Priam and Cassandra.

Cass. Lay hold vpon him, *Priam* hold him fast,
He is thy crutch: now if thou loose thy stay,
Thou on him leaning, and all Troy on thee,
Fall all together.

Priam. Come *Hector*, come, go back,
Thy wife hath dreamt, thy mother hath had visions,

Cassandra doth foresee, and I my selfe,
Am like a prophet suddenly enapt,
To tell thee that this day is ominous:

There

of Troilus and Cresseida.

Therefore come back.

Hec. *Aeneas* is a field,
And I do stand, engagd to many Greekes,
Euen in the faith of valour to appeare,
This morning to them.

Priam. I but thou shalt not goe.

Hec. I must not breake my faith,
You know me dutifull, therefore deere sir,
Let me not shame respect, but giue me leaue
To take that course by your consent and voice,
Which you do here forbid me royall *Priam*.

Cass. O *Priam* yeeld not to him.

And. Do not deere father.

Hec. *Andromache* I am offended with you,
Vpon the loue you beare me get you in. *Exit Androm.*

Troyl. This foolish dreaming superstitious gnie,
Makes all these bodements.

Cass. O farewell deere *Hector*.

Looke how thou dy' est looke how thy eye turnes pale,
Looke how thy wounds do bleed at many vents,
Harke how *Troy* roares, how *Hecuba* cries out,
How poore *Andromache* shrills her dolours forth,
Behold, destruction, frenzie, and amazement,
Like witlesse antiques one another meete,
And all crie *Hector*, *Hectors* dead, O *Hector*.

Troyl. Away, away.

Cass. Farewell, yet soft: *Hector* I take my leaue,
Thou do'st thy selfe and all our *Troy* deceaue?

Hec. You are amaz'd my liege, at her exclaime,
Goe in and cheere the towne,
Weele forth and fight,

Do deeds worth praise, and tell you them at night.

Priam. Farewell, the gods with safetie stand about thee.

Alarm.

Troyl. They are at it harke, proud *Diomed* beleaue,
I come to loose my arme, or winne my sleeue.

Enter Pandar.

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Pand.